

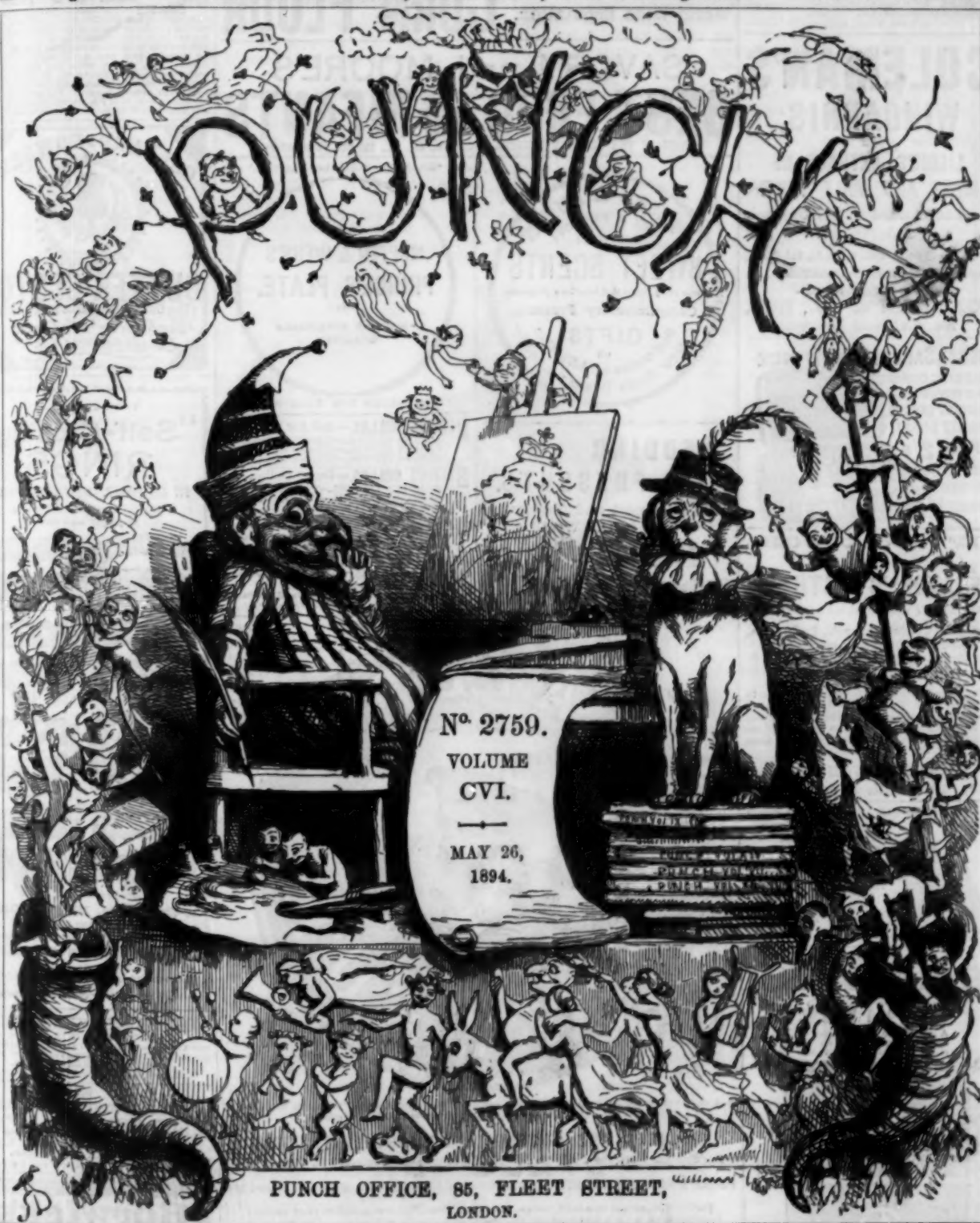
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The following extract from the "Review of Reviews," Nov., 1892, is of interest to every Smoker:
THE PIPE IN THE WORKHOUSE.—The picture drawn by our Helper of the poor old man in the
workhouse, puffing away at an empty pipe, has touched the hearts of some of our correspondents. One
who dates from the High Alps, and signs himself "Old Screw," says: "I have been struck with your sug-
gestion in the October number of the Review or Reviews for a scheme to supply smokers in union work-
houses with tobacco. I am afraid, judged by the ordinary standards, I am the most selfish of mortals, as I
never give a cent away for purposes of so-called charity; but this scheme of yours appeals at once to the
sympathies of a hardened and inveterate smoker. Were I in London, I would at once start a collecting box
for the fund, and every contribution for it on my smoking acquaintance, but, unfortunately, my business
compels me to be a wanderer round the Continent for the next nine months. I can, however, do a little,
and would like to contribute a pound of what I consider the BEST SMOKING TOBACCO, viz.,
"PLAYER'S NAVY CUT" (this is not an advertisement). I enclose, therefore, a cheque for the amount."

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MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.

(Being a Series of Private Letters on these and other Subjects.)

No. III.—FROM THE HON. VICTOR MAYDEW, CRANWELL PARK, SUFFOLK, TO LADY MABEL HUNTER, PENTLAND HALL, HANTS.

DEAR LADY MABEL,

December 16, 189—.

If it were not for Sunday mornings, I really believe country-house parties as an institution would perish. I mean, of course, Sunday mornings spent in calm meditation, gentle reading, or the writing of letters. If one is whirled away by a stern domestic decree, assisted by a barouche or family omnibus, to the parish church, the usefulness of the day is gone, for the two happy morning hours, so peaceful, so restoring, frequently so admirable for the making up of arrears, fly from you irretrievably. To have seen the little apple-faced boys who compose the parish choir, and to have listened to twenty minutes of reproof and exhortation from the Reverend THOMAS SPARKES; to have sat in a pew fashioned on the model of a loose box—these, dear Lady MABEL, are not sufficient consolations. The apple-faced ones may please the eye trained to bucolic sights, but they sing horribly out of tune; I remember TOMMY SPARKES at Cambridge as a warning rather than a fitting warner; and my nature is not sufficiently equine for an ancient pew.

This is merely another way of saying that I have not gone to church, though Mrs. BLAGDEN and her daughters, together with all save one of the women guests, and two, actually two, of the men besides our host, who has to keep up his character as an M.P. and a supporter of charities and churches, are at this moment safe in the big pew. Mrs. BLAGDEN is not the soul of refinement, but she is a nice, comfortable, unpretentious, motherly woman. I like her much better than her rather aspiring girls, who have airs and graces and wish to be thought dreadfully smart. Dear Mrs. BLAGDEN, as she passed through the hall, looked like a stout morning meteor—so greatly did she gleam with brilliant silk, so flashing was the sweep of her skirts. She shook a dumpy, good-natured forefinger at me, and announced roughly that I was a bad man, but her tone was not meant to carry conviction. Still, there is a delicate suggestion of flattery in the mere accusation of devilry—even when it rests on no firmer foundation than absence from Sunday morning service.

We have had two good days at the pheasants, though we have of course shot no hens. On Friday we got 250 pheasants, five brace of partridges, four woodcock, 40 hares, and 163 rabbits. Yesterday's bag was 274 pheasants, two woodcock, 27 hares, and 206 rabbits. That is a fair total for eight guns, two of whom were much worse shots even than I am on my bad days. Our party consists of Captain and Mrs. MAXWELL (without the CRAIK sister I am thankful to say), HENRY BERKELEY, who brought his pretty daughter LUCY—do you know her? fair, fresh, and well-figured, with a charming smile, and most attractive ways—my brother HAROLD, your Cousin Miss BRUCE, MANTON of the F.O., and myself. That gives us five guns; the Baron PAUL DE CHAUMONT is the sixth, Mr. BLAGDEN himself makes a seventh, and the eighth was on Friday a Hussar, who drove over in the tallest dog-cart I have ever seen. Yesterday ALAN CROWTHORPE turned up, to my great delight. I had not seen him for more than five years, and I'm afraid we missed more than one good chance while we were exchanging reminiscences which carried us back through Cambridge to Eton, and beyond into the region of preparatory schools.

Our dinners have been immense. I must say the BLAGDENS know how to do things well, for everything was of the best, and yet there was no unnecessary ostentation—except, perhaps, in the gorgeously gold-laced lackeys whose solemn presence tempered even the electric light, and made one feel how infinitely contemptible an unvarnished life must appear to these resplendent beings. Last night we had an Archdeacon at dinner—WARBURTON is his name—a most pleasant, humorous old gentleman, with the courtliest manners. To hear him

discussing modern women with Mrs. MAXWELL was delightful. "And is it really believed by refined and cultivated women that life in London becomes insupportable without frequent visits to Variety shows—that, I believe, is the correct term, is it not?" Thus did he pose Mrs. MAXWELL, but she retorted in her flat, uncomprehending way, that she didn't see why women shouldn't go if men went and found it amusing.

"But do they?" said the Archdeacon. "Many of them have told me that music-halls, and the theatres that ape them, are a mere desolate region of dullness and ennui."

At this poor little Mrs. MAXWELL could only stare, and the honours of the encounter remained with the Church.

PAUL DE CHAUMONT is a capital fellow, a real sportsman, a good companion, and a gentleman to his finger-tips. Only a Frenchman could be so utterly unlike the beefy Briton's ordinary conception of a Frenchman. He is more vivacious than the average Englishman, and talks better English—that's all the difference I can see. Mr. BLAGDEN was trying to convince him last night that the Riviera of France could not possibly have justice done to it by the Republican Government of France, and that the best thing to be done would be to hand over the region to England to be administered. The pleasantry—for that kind of thing passes for pleasantry with a man of Mr. BLAGDEN's stamp—was particularly misplaced, as the DE CHAUMONTS have not only always been distinguished for patriotism and courage, but have for some years now been warm supporters of the Republic. But DE CHAUMONT took it with a perfect tact.

"No," he said; "I cannot agree with you. We are not ready for the strong meat of your British institutions. We do best in our own way, call it frivolous and sometimes childish if you like, but it is at least a happier existence for those who are not of the rich classes. Besides," he added with a smile, "the careless inhabitants of that region could never be got to see the importance of a Diocesan Reform Bill; they would not vote for it. Therefore, I think, we will leave them under the easy disadvantages of their present government." This was a delicate rapier-thrust at Mr. BLAGDEN, who bores not only the House, but his acquaintances to death about his ridiculous Diocesan Reform Bill.

There is an epidemic of marriage engagements far more violent and deadly than the influenza. The last to go has been poor FRANK HATTERLEY, who announces his defeat from the County Wicklow—a veteran who has escaped unharmed through a score of battles struck down, as it were, in a wretched border foray.

Miss BRUCE has, I think, written to you herself, so I do not charge myself with any messages from her. Every word you said about her is true. Can she and such girls as Miss CRAIK, or the stupid, affected BLAGDEN couple really belong to the same order of creation? No, a thousand times no.

Please give my kindest and most affectionate regards to Lady FENDHORN. How happy she must be at Pentland with you and her grandchildren. My love to HARRY and MAE. I am leaving this on Wednesday. As I shall probably not see you before Christmas, I must content myself with this written wish that it may be a very happy one for you and yours.

They are returning from church—flushed, triumphant, superior. In ten minutes we shall be visiting the horses. The model farm will occupy the afternoon. Farewell. I must collect my thoughts so as to meet coachman and grooms on an equal footing.

Yours very sincerely, VICTOR MAYDEW.

By OUR OWN SCHOOL-BOY.—He was asked to give the exact rendering in English of the phrase "tertium quid." He boldly translated it "a third sovereign."

Mrs. R. is very proud of her nephew. He is a rising Junior at the Bar. "One of these days," says Mrs. R., "he will stand on the binnacle of fame."



"She shook a dumpy, good-natured forefinger at me."



THE VISION AND THE VOICE.

La République. "OH! THAT I HAD ANOTHER HEROINE TO COME TO MY RESCUE!"
Joan of Arc. "WHAT YOU WANT IS A HERO!"

THE VISION AND THE VOICE;

OR, FRANCE'S DREAM OF THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

A Dramatic Fragment.

["God's mother deigned to appear to me,
And in a vision full of majesty
Will'd me to leave my base vocation,
And free my country from calamity,"

*Joan of Arc in First Part of King Henry
the Sixth, Act I., Sc. 2.*

"France wants a CORDON much more than she
wants a revived Joan of Arc."—*Daily News.*]

La République (log.). Alas! the sun of for-
tune, honour, fame,
Shines on poor France no longer; sombre
night,
Haunted by hosts obscene of ravening
things,

A carrion-hunting crew, o'er shadows me,
And in its darkness I seem doomed to fall
Like HEROD, vermin-stricken!

[*A light shines, wherein shapeth the
shade of the Maid of Orleans.*

Jeanne d'Arc. Say not so!
The France I lived and died for, and
which, late,

Doth me high honour, shall not set me up
A sainted shrine, yet sink herself in slime,
Like some dark Dagon-idol overthrown
In a morass, prone midst the rotting reeds,
Face-buried in the mud-flats, a mere
haunt

For foul and creeping creatures.

La République (recently). Holy Maid!
Heroic Champion! Hope lives in thy voice,
And inspiration in thy high regard.

Jeanne d'Arc. Let inspiration then quicken
high hope,

And shame despair!

La République. Alas! France sees no more
Thy Vision, Maid, nor hears thy Voices!
Now

Our visions are of vile and venal gain,
The voices that seduce us are the cries
Of hucksters, not of heroes; jangling
shrieks [creeds,
Of warring factions and wild-wrestling
Unchivalrous swash-bucklers snatch the
sword [name,

That BAYARD stainless bare; e'en Glory's
Is sullied with the gold taint. Glorious
Maid!

Our sole reveilles are the Bourse's shouts,
Our peans ring from the polluted lips
Of Café-Chantant heroes and cocottes,
Our loudest litanies are godless hymns
To knave-success and witching wantonness,
Songs in the service of our chosen cult
Of Mammon and of Ashtaroth.

Jeanne d'Arc. Too true!

And yet despair not, seeing that my day
Was a worse hell of cruelty and lust,
And coward greed, and superstition foul.
My Dauphin a voluptuous weakling was,
His court a coarse Gehenna, and his camp
A congregation of ferocious curs
And valiant villains; with BOULANGER's
brag,

And HIRSCH's greed, and LESSER's frailty.
With apish fraud, and ant-like pettiness,
Tigerish hate, grasshopper flightiness
My age was rife,—no Honour, Firmness,
Faith! [Sorrels,

Your Burgundys, your Reigniers, your
Your blatant Rabagas, your light *Cigales*.
Say, are they worse than mine?

La République. But France had you!

With Patriotism and with Purity,
In one heroic form, for inspiration,
What might I do? Oh, for a Heroine
Like you, Oh, Maid! [is now

Jeanne d'Arc (gracely). Nay, France's need
A Hero—and a Man! [The Vision fades.

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(An Idyll of the Street.)

' OMNE TUTIT PUNCTUM QUI MISCUIT UTILE DUCI.'"

LOOKING A CLERICAL GIFT-HORSE
IN THE MOUTH.

(By Hodge.)

["We cannot but look on these gifts (ancient
Church endowments) as the heritage of the poor."
—*Episcopal Manifesto on Welsh Disestablishment.*]

"HERITAGE of the poor," they say!

Well, I be poor enow,
That I be free to pray and praise,
Cooms nateral-loike, somehow.
But the most o' the "heritage" I can see,
For my poor body or soul,
Is a free seat, fur from "the quality,"
And a—very—occasional "dole."

SMOKE
"MA
CHARMEUSE
Cigarettes

CRITERION THEATRE.

ARISTOCRATIC
ALLIANCEES'S
YOU WILL BE
SURPRISED
AND
DELIGHTED!THE RESULT OF A
SINGLE APPLICATION

"ASTLEY'S," OR A NEW VERSION OF "THE
RING AND THE BOOK."—Sir JOHN ASTLEY's
personal recollections of the sporting world is
beforehand an assured success. "But," quoth
the Baron DE BOOK-WORMS, who has not yet
perused the *magnum opus*,—and 'tis an *opus* for
which a "*magnum*" would be an excellent
preparation.—"strange that Sir JOHN, 'the
Mate,' who has been a good sportsman all his
life, should now become a Bookmaker!" We
trust that the result to the sportive Bart will
be a big cheque—mate!

Mrs. B. has been reading *The Aristocrat of
the Breakfast Table*. She admits that it is, as
might be expected, genteel. But, on the whole,
she prefers *Two or Three Men in a Boat*.

FUMOSA INFORMIS.

I LOATHE the name of marriage,
For home no jot I care,
But I love the smoking-carriage,
For I am not wanted there.
I love to spoil man's selfish ease,
To oust him from his place,
And crush his futile courtesies
With hard, inquiring face.

I treat him as scarce human,
I snub him when I can,
For though a soul-freed woman,
I ne'er can be a man.
And that's what sets me up in
arms,
When pipes aglow I see.
That though I sink all woman's
charms,
A man I cannot be.

Not that I'd be the creature
At any price, oh, no!
Who poses as my teacher,
My sex's lifelong foe!
Not that he interferes with me,
The coward, I'd like to see him,
And yet I hate him bitterly,
Because I cannot be him.

In mind and form I'm hard as
nails,
Diplomas I've a score;
And all this choicest pleasure fails
For casual man does more.
He knows a lot, yet strives to
please,
Wears carelessly his bays
And thinks no more of high
degrees
Than I of gracious ways.

And he would put me on the
shelf!
Thinks me a doll, and shows it!
Would smoke, and travel by
himself!
Not if CASSANDRA knows it.
No! Man's superiority
Is separation's sequel;
Away with fulsome chivalry,
And make the sexes equal!



AGRICULTURAL DEPRESSION.

First Footman. "ULLO, JAMES! WHAT 'AVE YOU LEFT THE
EARL OF STONYBROKE?"

Second Footman. "YES, WILLIAM. I'M LIVING WITH THE HON-
RABLE DOCKET, A CITY TOFF."

First Footman. "AND 'OW DOES IT SUIT YER?"

Second Footman. "WELL, 'TAIN'T QUITE THE QUALITY AS I'VE
BEEN HACCUSTOMED TO; BUT WHEN HOUR HELDEST SON, LORD DASH-
LEIGH, WENT INTO THE CITY AS A STOCKBROKER, I SEED AS 'OW WE
ALL 'AD TO COME TO IT. SO 'ERE I AM!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Mr Baronite's opportunities of reading a three-volume novel are rare, and precious accordingly. It is a terrible thing conscientiously to commence the long journey and to find the pathway dreary and the country fruitless. BLACKWOOD'S name on the back of a novel is a sure sign that the attempt is worth making. The old Edinburgh house still possesses the magnetic influence which, through nearly a century, has drawn towards it new writers of desirable kind. *Red Cap and Blue Jacket*, by GEORGE DUNN, just issued, does not fulfil the most generous expectation. There are about it indications of the young and unaccustomed hand. It requires the blithe courage of youth to go back to Paris in the Reign of Terror for chapters in a domestic novel. The first volume conveys the pleasing impression that the reader is in for a really good thing. But when he gets to Paris he shares the desire of *Andrew Prosser* and his fellow-adventurers, and wishes he were back again. Mr. DUNN's plot is of the good old melodramatic style. Everything fits in *d'mercaille*, as ROBESPIERRE used to say. You turn'a'corner and there you are; in most unexpected company, but amid the very circumstances necessary to carry on the story. Still, Mr. DUNN's literary style is excellent, and he has a subtle humour occasionally refreshing. He will do much better than this. He may have been christened ANDREW, but he is certainly not yet DUNN.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

MOTTO FOR ANTI-NEGRO ROWDIES "DOWN SOUTH."—Give them a Lynch and they will make a H-ll.

DE LUNATICO INQUIRENDO.

(Simple Questions and Answers for the Use of Students at Law.)

Question. Suppose that a man is suspected of being insane, and consequently is unfit to manage his own affairs, what is the proper thing to do?

Answer. To commence legal proceedings to test his sanity.

Q. What does this entail?

A. The instruction of at least a couple of sets of solicitors.

Q. And what are the consequences of these instructions?

A. The preparations of briefs, proofs, and the engagement of a strong bar of counsel.

Q. And are there any further expenses?

A. Why, certainly; the cost of the production of witnesses must be provided for, and many other necessary expenses must be incurred.

Q. What next will happen?

A. The case will be heard before the proper authority, and a nearly double jury.

Q. And will there be a large number of witnesses?

A. On both sides. And, consequently, the case will consume a large amount of time.

Q. And will the counsel receive refreshers, and the solicitors gather additional costs?

A. Undoubtedly, and this is a part of the system.

Q. And when the case has been thrashed out by the examination of witnesses for the prosecution and the defence, may not the Jury take it into their heads to clear the Court and examine the alleged lunatic without assistance, and for themselves?

A. Certainly; and this examination may lead to a prompt decision.

Q. And will not this prompt decision be entirely independent of the evidence that has been adduced? A. Entirely.

Q. Then will not the whole of the proceeding anterior to this action of the jury seem absolutely superfluous?

A. Why, certainly. That stands to reason.

Q. Then why not have the examination first, and therefore dispense with the unnecessary and expensive preliminaries?

A. Because such a course would be inappropriate to proceedings so closely associated with insanity!

TO PHYLLIS, HER PICTURE.

PHYLLIS is my only fair,
Seated primly in a pew;
None with her can well compare
In the South Room at the New.

If with a frown
I cast me down,
PHYLLIS sweetly
Smiles, and neatly
Argues that the Show is not,
After all, such deadly rot,

There she sits, and nearly nods
To the critic as he halts;
She should be "A Gift for
Gods,"
Sooner than the thing by
SCHMALZ.

Think it no harm,
Nor take alarm,
Though the poet
Seem to go it
Rather strong; she's but a maid;
I am forty in the shade.

And, in case you think it is
Personal to mention names,
There's a pair of PHYLLISES
Painted in a pair of frames;
Showing so well,
I cannot tell
Which of the parties
Queen of my heart is;
For with either I could stay
If the other were away.

DEFINE "A Stage Coach"? Oh yes, certainly! "A teacher of dramatic art."

(COVENT) GARDEN PARTIES.



The Opera-goer's Diary.—*Whit Monday.*—Opening night of Opera. Sir DRUMOLANUS cares not a whit—Monday or any other day—when the Opera Season commences, as long as the date is as early as possible, in order to give him time to produce his “whole bag of tricks.” So Whit Monday night resulted in about as full a house as any Covent-Gardener could possibly have expected to see. An enthusiastic reception was given to Puccini's opera *Manon Lescaut*, performed by the company got together by “the celebrated Milanese publisher, Signor RICORDI,”—a pleasant fact which must be Ricordi'd here. Singers all good, and opera pleasing; but, considering chance offered by the story and great opportunities, it is certainly lacking in dramatic power. Of course MASSENET had previously taken all the dramatic points of the story, so there wasn't much left. Signorina OLGA OLOHINA (quite poetic this name) good as *Manon*, and Signor BEDUSCHI, a prettily-voiced lover, as *Des Grieux*. Little Signor PINT-CORSI looked (as GARRICK did when in a passion) quite six feet high, owing to his excellent performance of *Lescaut*, a part in which there are very small chances of doing anything.

The hits of the Opera are the concerted pieces. The *Intermezzo*—no modern opera now perfect without an *Intermezzo*—is meant to be as descriptive as was Lord BURLEIGH's portentous shake of the head; and very necessary information is given in the book. The composer was called at the end of every act, and came on joining hands with the singers, “all in a row,” as if their original idea had been to dance in a circle, singing, “Here we go round the mulberry bush,” which, if Sir AUGUSTUS had “taken the flure” in the centre, would have been a pretty and exhilarating sight. Opera over about ten minutes to midnight. Congratulations all round; and Sir DRUMOLANUS, watching the proceedings from a stall, as if he had nothing on earth to do with the entertainment, but had just dropped in as one of the general public, was of course recognised, and ovationed.

Tuesday.—*Faust.* Reaction after excitement of opening night. *Habitue* requires something startling in *Faust*, and on this occasion *habitué* doomed to disappointment. Mlle. SIMMONET as *Marguerite* rather like “negus” at a children's party, “sweet but not strong.” PLANCON capital as the French *Mephisto*, and M. ALBRES an excellent *Valentine*. In orchestra, BEVIGNANI buoyant; and on stage, Chorus capital!

Wednesday.—Real treat. JULIA RAVOGLI as *Orpheus* (“with his loot” *Eurydice* whom he loots from Hades, only to see her expire on a Bank-holiday) perfect in acting and singing. After last song, “*Eurydice!*” curtain up and down several times, audience enthu-

siastic and JULIA joyous! But for the play-bill, who could possibly guess that JULIA is playing a male part? This talented artiste might as well play *Orpheus* in a modern dressing-gown and sandals. Decidedly over-draped. Beaming BEVIGNANI being gaily deposed, up comes Merry MANCINELLI to conduct the *Cavalleria Rusticana*.

Treat number two, JULIA as *Orfeo* is orf (heigho!), and CALVÉ the Conscientious is on as *Santuzza*. Grand, magnificent. Not a quiet moment; always acting, and always doing something which assists the drama. She is ably seconded by Signori DE LUCIA and ANCONA and Mlle. PAULINE JORAN, and by the utilissima *dulcissima* Fraulein BAUERMEISTER-SINGER. Still, this opera is specially CALVÉ, and when advertised Sir DRUMOLANUS would do well to slightly change the title and call it *Calvé-leria Rusticana*.



Santuzza letting the Cat out of the Bag.

Thursday.—That charming light French comic opera *Philemon et Baucis*, followed by *Pagliacci*, wherein Madame SIGRID ARNOLDSON is bewitching as the volatile but unfortunate *Nedda*, and Mr. RICHARD GREEN good as ever in the character of the seductive villager who plunges into the “wortex,” and takes a *Nedda* into a sea of troubles. *Pagliacci*, excellent as it is, is not to be compared with *Rusticana*, so I will not compare it. Each of these two operas holds the audience entranced until the very last note.

Friday.—Strike of Cabmen had nothing to do with the hit of *Carmen* made by Madame CALVÉ. She is marvellous in it. Only two things wanting, that she should be able to play the castanets and to dance a bolero, or a fandango, or something with some genuine go in it, just to suggest the idea of captivating *José*. Whatever fascinations the *Carmen* of Madame CALVÉ has for *José*, certainly her dancing and her playing at playing the castanets couldn't have had much extra effect on the already enamoured soldier. There is, just now, no *Carmen* but CALVÉ, and great ought to be the Profit! M. ALBRES came out strong as *Escamilla*, and our dear old “*Torcedor contento*” obtained such an *encore* as has been rarely heard since it was first sung and wildly re-demanded over and over again.

Saturday.—First night of *Falstaff*. Great success undoubtedly scored. Not time to do more than give a sketch of *Falstaff* Robusto, leaving details for a future occasion. Sir DRUMOLANUS with a portion of operatic troupe appearing to-night at Windsor Castle before HER MAJESTY. But *The Merry Wives of Windsor* are in town.



Falstaff, or a big (K)night at the Opera.



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE EXPRESSED DIFFERENTLY.

Angelina (to her newly-betrothed). "OH, EDWIN, THERE'S SUCH A GOOD-LOOKING GIRL JUST BEHIND YOU! DO LOOK!"
Edwin. "AH, I'VE NO EYES FOR GOOD LOOKS NOW, DARLING!"

FALSTAFF'S FIX.

Falstaff . . . Sir W. H.-MC-RT.
Hostess Quickly . . . Mistress BUNG.

[*Hostess (log.)*. "I have borne, and borne, and borne: and have been fubbed off, and fubbed off, and fubbed off, from this day to that day, that it is a shame to be thought on. There is no honesty in such dealing; unless a woman should be made an ass, and a beast, to bear every knave's wrong. . . . Thou hast eaten me out of house and home; thou hast put all my substance into that fat wallet of thine:—but I will have some of it out again, or I will ride thee o' nights, like the mare."—*Second Part of King Henry the Fourth, Act II., Sc. 1.*]

Woe's thee, Fat JACK! When shrews unpack

Their hearts with words, like angry *Hamlet*,
 Soft answer hath small power o'er wrath,
 Though mild it be as vernal lamblet.

Termagant tongue hath Mistress BUNG,
 Her tone is shrill, her temper prickly.
 Modern "Sir JOHN," far art thou gone
 In the black books of "Hostess QUICKLY."

The Witley's Trade is all arrayed!
 Against thee, JOHN! An evil omen!

'Tis ill to cope with those who tope;
 Brewers and Bungs are fearsome foemen.

If Honest JACK had taxed the Sack
 They vend'd at Eastcheap's "Old Boar's
 Head,"

Dame QUICKLY's tongue yet one more wrong
 Had added to the list aforesaid.

JACK, have a care, lest *Fang* and *Snare*
 Against your *corpus* "enter action."
 You've many foes. Each "malmsey-nose
 Knave, *Bardolph*"'s of the opposing fac-
 tion.

Friends of the Pump with you may jump;
 But will their backing in the quarrel

Allay your fear of Giant Beer,
 Or give you victory o'er the Barrel.

Fat JACK, in this you'll surely miss
 Your old pals, *Pistol*, *Poins*, and *Peto*;
 Friends of the Cup, they turned you up
 When you began to toy with Veto.
 And for Dame Q., think you that you
 Will coax her on your knee to clamber,
 "By sea-coal fire," in smart attire,
 "At Whitsun, in her Dolphin Chamber"?

Alas Fat JACK, the love of Sack
 Is not confined to toping Tories.
 Whiskey? E'en Fat would fain keep *that*,
 Untaxed, among the Green Isle's Glories.
 And faith that tongue of Mistress BUNG
 (Or QUICKLY) fires the country quicker
 Than your best speech, for it can reach
 Wherever there be lips and liquor.

Falstaff made shift—he had the gift
 Of coaxing—the loud Dame to soften.
 But Mistress BUNG that wallet hung
 At your plump side hath plumped too
 often—

Or so she thinks—and fancy shrinks
 From picturing her dissatisfaction,
 If you should say, in *Falstaff*'s way,
 "Go, wash thy face, and draw thy
 action!"

Hath she not borne, and borne, and borne
 Burdens—in barrel and in bottle—
 Taxes on Liquor, piled up quicker
 Than liquor poured down Fat JACK's
 throttle?

Her substance *still* that wallet fill?
 Taxes *still* swell, tanner by tanner?
 Nay! I'll give tongue, shrieks Mistress
 BUNG,
 "And haunt thee in true nightmare
 manner!"

STIRRING OUR STUMPS.

OF Cricket and the M. C. C.
 To sing is now the time;
 For what would Spring, in England, be
 Without a little *rime*?



Oh, why, Australia-
 lians, come you
 not
 To test our slog-
 ging worth,
 From Melbourne,
 Sydney, Ade-
 laide,
 From Brisbane and
 from Perth?

"You're coming
 soon?" And
 you are here,

South Africa's sons? 'Tis well!
 We hope in both to find a foe
 Emu-lous, Cape-able!

"The Play's the thing!"—it's sure to have
 A very lengthened run;
 Your bats may even "make a hit"
 Before the game's begun!

If to the Oval you do wend,
 You'll find that all is Square;
 And when you feel disposed for Lord's,
 Your Peers will meet you there.

Though moving fixtures in this land
 Is not by Law approved,
 Should County matches clash with yours,
 Those fixtures may be moved.

So, Southern kinsmen, pray believe
 A welcome waits for you;
 You'll have some pleasant innings, and
 A pleasant outing too!

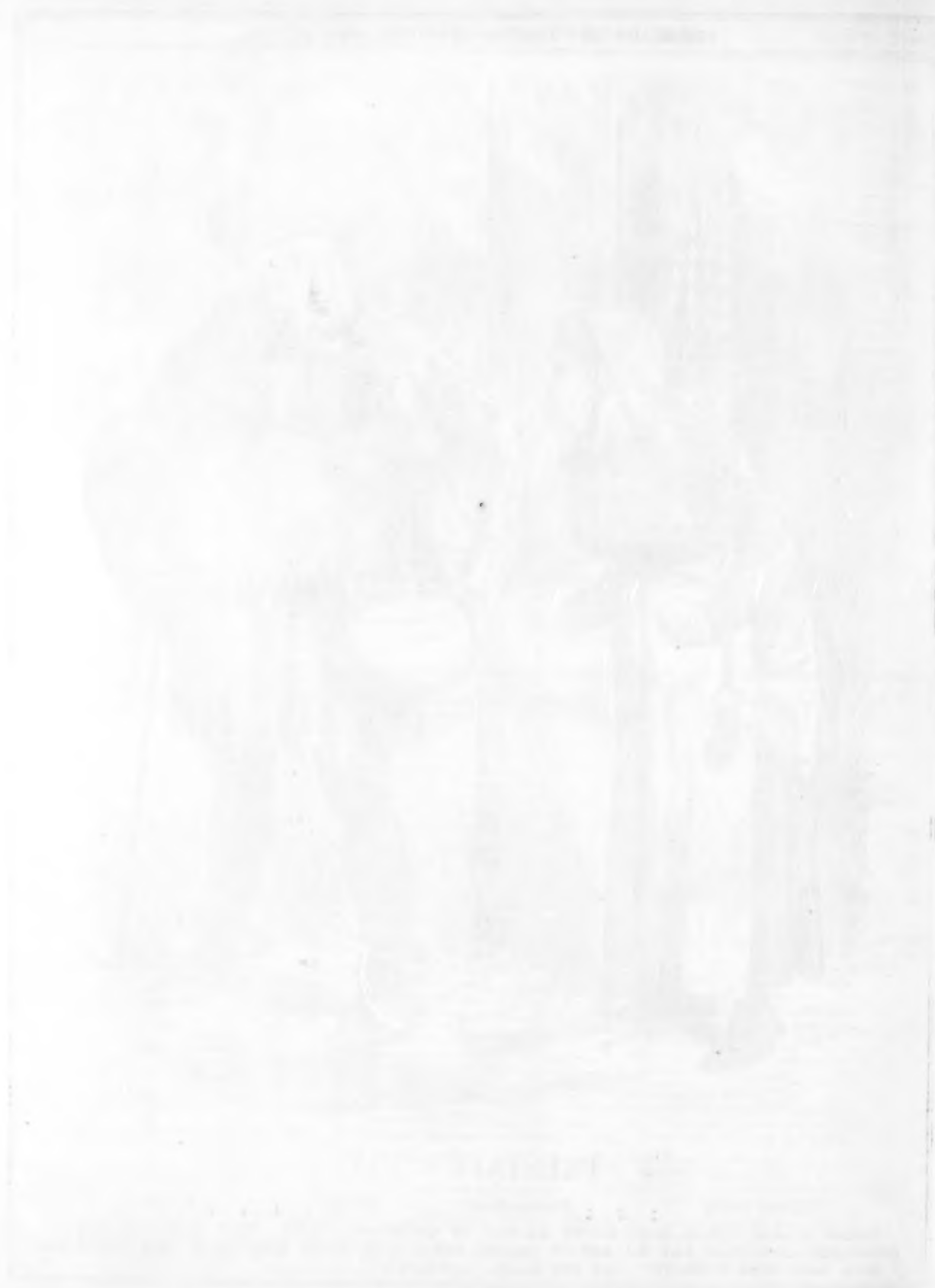


FALSTAFF'S FIX.

Hostess Quickly MISTRESS BUNG.

Falstaff H-RC-RT.

HOSTESS QUICKLY. "THOU HAST EATEN ME OUT OF HOUSE AND HOME; THOU HAST PUT ALL MY SUBSTANCE INTO THAT FAT WALLET OF THINE:—BUT I WILL HAVE SOME OF IT OUT AGAIN, OR I WILL RIDE THEE O' NIGHTS, LIKE THE MARE!"—*Shakspeare.*



THE CAB-HIRERS VADE MECUM.

Question. Why do you take a cab?

Answer. Because it is my custom.

Q. Would you not do just as well without one?

A. Certainly; for I could either walk, which would be better for my health, or take an omnibus, which would be better for my pocket.

Q. But is not a cab a necessity at a railway station when a weary traveller arrives weighted with luggage?

A. Certainly not, for nowadays railway companies are accustomed to provide their own conveyances, which are just as convenient as four-wheelers.

Q. What is your opinion of cabmen?

A. That they are well able to look after their own interests.

Q. Then you have not much sympathy with the recent strike?

A. Not much, as cabmen seem always fairly prosperous and quite equal to obtaining the living wage.

Q. Has a cab strike any advantages?

A. Considering that about half the street accidents are "running down" cases, the chances are that a cab strike is a boon and blessing to the coroner.

Q. Do you know of any further advantage?



THE TREATMENT OF TROUSERS.

"YES, AN IDEA I GOT IN THE COUNTRY. QUITE AS SERVICEABLE, DON'T YOU KNOW, AND EVER SO MUCH MORE PICTURESQUE."

A. That the chance of the spreading of infection is lessened.

Q. But is not the cab strike very inconvenient?

A. Scarcely, as the supply is always equal to the demand.

Q. Then who suffers when the cabmen strike?

A. Presumably the cabmen's wives and children.

Q. And how does the strike affect the public generally?

A. By teaching them how to do without them.

Q. Is this satisfactory?

A. To the public, possibly, yes; but to the cabmen distinctly no.

DEAR MR. PUNCH.—I know you have a feeling heart, and I want to appeal to you. Cannot something be done for the Cycles? Poor things! I understand they are now nearly always (pneumatic) tired.

Yours, &c.,

ONE WHO IS OFTEN
TYRED HERSELF.

MUSICAL QUERY.—"MONS. RISLER (of Paris)" was advertised last week to give two pianoforte recitals. A correspondent wants to know which RISLER it is? Is it "RISLER JEUNE" or "RISLER AÎNÉ"?

MRS. R. says she has been advised to read a new book called *Marsala*. It is by the author of that very clever work, *Robert Elsiehere*, which was much talked of when it came out.

A BALLADE OF THE NEW MANHOOD.

By an Unregenerate Male.

["Madame GRAND is going to take Caliban in hand, and make a new man of him. But the present generation is past praying for. Man has been allowed to act on his own 'worst impulses.' His education has been carefully planned to make him morally a weak-willed, inconsistent creature. . . . It is the next generation which is to have 'proper principles spanked into it in the nursery.'"]—*Pull Mail Gazette*, May 16.]

YES, it pains me indeed to relate

To the rising male genus the news—

At the terrible thought of their fate

They may shiver and shake in their shoes!

For from one of the monthly reviews

It appears they'll be taken in hand

By the New Womanhood, that pursues

The programme of grim Madame GRAND!

Poor youths! at an imminent date

All the foibles of man they're to lose;

If one ventures to lie in bed late,

Or latchkeys and "language" to use,

Or play penny nap, or amuse

His weak wits with aught else that is banned,

He'll be spanked till for pardon he sues—

Tis the fiat of firm Madame GRAND!

Still, there's one fact, I'm happy to state,

That some consolation endues!

To reform each grown-up reprobate

Is too hard—'tis enough to abuse!

So we men will go on as we choose,

And unlimited *Caudle* we'll stand,

And with chastened amusement peruse

The attacks of irate Madame GRAND.

ENVOI.

Mr. Punch, pray do not refuse
To spread through the length of the land
Your decided dissent from the views,
And the plans of severe SARAH GRAND!



"Maid in Germany."

"DULCE RIDENTEM LALAGEN AMABO."

My love no rhymist could relate

In metrical professions,

Nor gauge by coldly accurate

Numerical expressions,

So passionate it is and strong . . .

And yet . . . can anything be wrong?

I learn—the best authorities

Consistently inform me—

That if malignant fates should please

With evil luck to storm me,

I ought to scorn them all the while,

Content with CHLOË's charming smile.

Yet, while admitting, after all,

The troubles daily sent us

Are not the kind one well can call,

With truthfulness, momentous,

I find annoyance still in these

Let CHLOË giggle as she please!

When I have hooked the wily trout,

And find that I've forgotten

The net, and fail to pull him out

Because the tackle's rotten;

Or when, with my accustomed luck

I score the ignominious "duck;"

Or when, "all square and one to play,"

My ball is bunkered badly,

As much as ever, truth to say,

I rate misfortune madly,

And CHLOË, though my future wife,

Would smile—at peril of her life.

The cause of this I cannot state,

Alternately one fancies

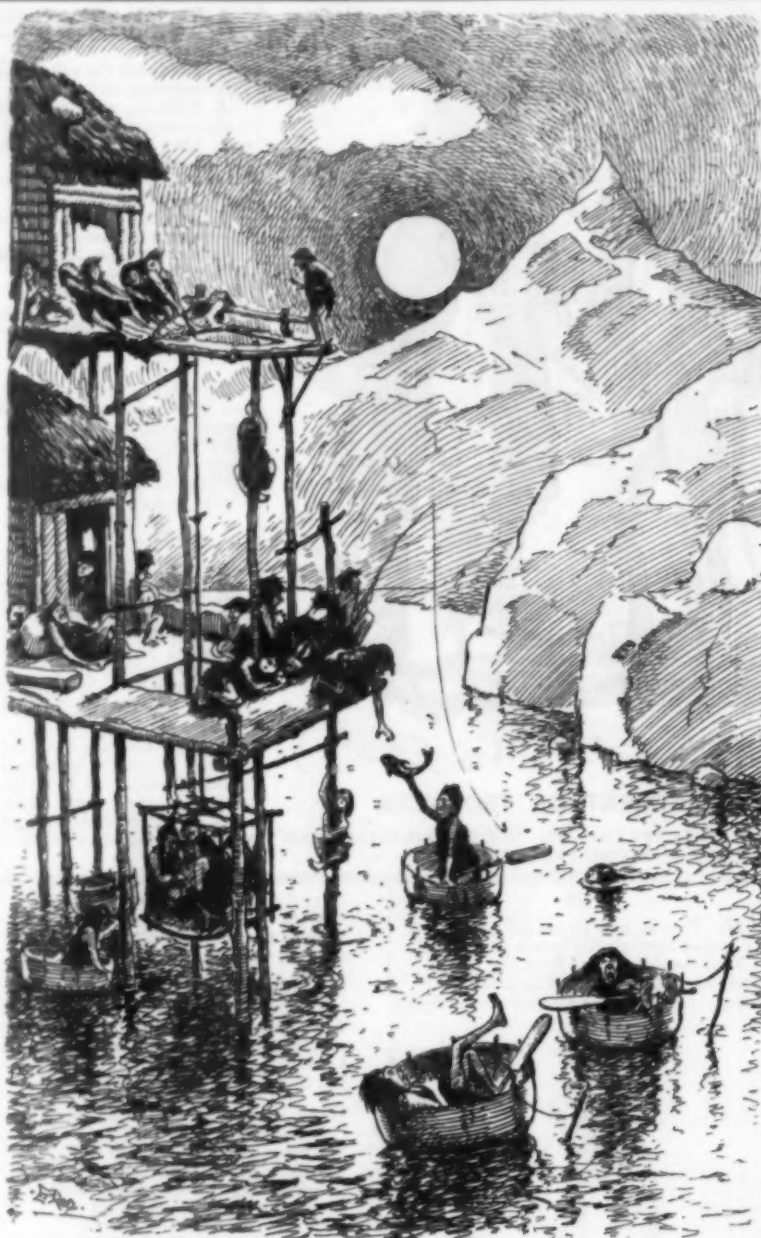
That men are now degenerate

From heroes of romances,

Or that such griefs as we endure

No smiles are competent to cure!

THE DRINK FOR THE SEASON.—The great rival to Apollinaris, Carlsbad, and all other waters, is *Esther Waters*. Must be taken in one gulp, being decidedly strong Waters. Those who have tasted it ask for Moore.



PREHISTORIC PEEPS.

A NOCTURNE WHICH WOULD SEEM TO SHOW THAT "RESIDENTIAL FLATS" WERE NOT WHOLLY UNKNOWN EVEN IN PRIMEVAL TIMES!

THE BUDGET AND THE BAR PROSPECTS.

DEAR SIR,—The Harecourt Budget (a capital name, by the way, for a new illustrated weekly paper) seems to be a great success. The small income-tax payer rejoices in the fact that he will pay less next year under an eightpenny tax than he did last year under a sevenpenny, and the City Clerk has, I understand, already celebrated the occasion by buying a new hat, and (I hope) his wife a new bonnet, though my information on the latter point is, I am sorry to say, not so

specific. As to the beer and spirit tax, it would be absurd to suppose that, whatever duty was put upon these necessities of existence, we should drink any the less. The brewers and publicans have, as I gather from the reports I see in the Press, turned the occasion to profit by increasing their percentage of gain from the modest 100 per cent. to a percentage of four figures.

It would be insincere, however, to say that these were the reasons which induce me to agree that this Budget has placed its author in the very first rank of CHANCELLORS OF

THE EXCHEQUER. It is one criticism on the Budget (intended curiously enough, I believe, to be an unfavourable criticism), which I noticed fell from the lips of some M.P. or other, that has appealed to me, and, I venture to add, to every man, silk or stuff, at the Bar. "The consequence of the Death Duties scheme," said the critic, "will be that all wills will have to be made over again." Could anything ever dreamt of, ever pictured in the wildest flights of a luxuriant imagination, look more like the realisation of a lawyer's paradise? Solicitors will have to do hurriedly that which should be done calmly and considerately. *Bis dat qui cito dat* is a capital maxim, and the legal interpretation of it is that a lawyer makes twice as much out of a hurriedly made will as out of one made with befitting consideration. Where the barrister comes in will be to conduct the cases in Court when these wills come to be contested. One Man's Death Duty will be another man's living. The Chancery Courts will be absolutely flooded with work, and additional judges will not merely be agitated for, but will become a necessity to which no respecting LORD CHANCELLOR can possibly fail to yield. In that day my friend BRIEFLESS and myself will, no doubt, add ourselves to that "Collection of English Silks," which has as its permanent exhibition ground the front rows of our Courts.

Now there are many lawyers in the House, and their votes cannot fail to influence the prospects of the Budget. After what I have already said, I need say no more. Charity begins at home. *Verbum sap.*

Yours proverbially,

L. ERNED COUNSEL.

102, Temple Gardens, E.C.

STANZAS.

(Written on Reflection, Near the Round Pond.)

SWEET the month of May, and your birthday sweetest

Day to me, who send you no word or token;
Yet I wish you well in the very neatest
Phrases unspoken!

Though to-day with you I shall have no meeting—

Mistress Fate makes many a wanton blunder—

Conscious you may be of my silent greeting,
Are you, I wonder?

Sweet the day! With garland of song I wreath it

In the tongue I used to be rather pat in,
And your name—I dare not in English breathe it—

Whisper in Latin.

Here afar from rush of the roaring traffic,
'Neath the chestnut shade in a dream divinely

Wrapt, to you I murmur a tender Sapphic Stanza caninely.

Mille—felix reditus diei

*Candido semper lapide et notandi
Dent tibi Parca, tibi dent quotannis
Gaudia—mille.*

"LIVING PICTURES."—Specimens of these may be seen every day, anywhere, walking, riding, driving, all more or less well painted. An ancient lady of sixty very much got up should receive the heraldic title of "*Rouge Dragon*."

MOTTO ON THE CAR STRIKE.—"None but the brave can get the fare."

LETTER TO A DÉBUTANTE.

MY DEAR GLADYS.—So you have come to London to spend your first season with the LYON TAYMERS.

I shall be very glad to give you all the hints I can.

As you have, fortunately, no convictions, no opinions, hardly any ideas, and no decided tastes, it will be the easiest thing in the world for you to become extremely popular. You have merely to fall in with the notions of other people, and echo the phrases you hear. Do not make the mistake of trying to take a line of your own.

You say you are rather at a loss for the small change of conversation, and you want to know (for instance) what to say to an Author whose books you have not read, an Artist whose pictures you have not seen, a Composer, or an Explorer, of whom you have never heard.

Generalise. Be cautious. Do not plunge hastily into some rash assumption which you may afterwards regret—a recklessness that leads to such dangers as that of telling Mr. WHISTLER that “*Bubbles*” is your favourite of his pictures, or of congratulating Mr. OSCAR WILDE on the success of “*Dodo*.” Say vaguely, “I am so interested in your work, Mr. So-and-so,” and leave him to give information about it. You will soon learn how to make people tell you what they suppose you already know.

When you meet a writer, and you are not sure whether he is the author of a burlesque, or of serious articles for an important review, a safe general remark for a young girl is, “I am so afraid of you, Mr. So-and-so; I hear you are so dreadfully clever!” This is one of those unanswerable speeches that for the moment may cast a slight gloom over the conversation, but Mr. So-and-so will presently revive, and it is just possible that you may find out from his remarks whether he is funny or serious. If you do not, it does not matter.

You may discuss (and warmly) a book you have not read, with anyone but the author. “The book of the season” is read less than any other book, because the remarks in vogue are so easily caught up and repeated. Say that when you have once put it down you could never take it up again. To the author, say frankly you have not been able to get it, there is such a rush for it; and do not ask him to tell you “what gave him the idea,” nor how long it took him to write.

At private views, say to serious people, “What a dreadful crush! I hate these things! I shall come another day, quietly, to look at the pictures.”

To the flippant, complain that there are so many pictures that you cannot see the people, and ask to have GLADSTONE pointed out to you, or CISSIE LOFTUS.

Remember that “argument is the last refuge of the intellectually destitute.”

Never contradict anyone, except yourself. Never correct people about dates, or names, or any trifle. Never be positive or well-informed, or have heard a story before.

Never call people names in their presence, such as “the great Impressionist,” or Symbolist, or New Humourist. They are always irritated by the string that ties the label on.

Adapt yourself.

If you meet the sort of person (you will) who says that all he cares about is to bathe his head in God’s beautiful sunlight, you may tell him that you are very highly strung, and “neurasthenic.” He will probably lend you LE GALLIENNE’S Poems, and tell people you are quite charming.

To the sportsman, laugh at insomnia, and be interested in golf.



PROFESSIONAL SCORN.

Joshua (the new Gardener). “WHO SOWED THEM PEAS, MISS MAUD?”

Miss Maud. “I’M ALMOST AFRAID I DID, JOSHUA!”

Joshua. “AH, I THOUGHT THEY LOOKED AS IF SOMEONE HAD DONE IT ‘ISSELF!’”

By following the line of conduct I have indicated, you will get a general reputation of being a particularly nice girl, with a great deal more in her than any one would suppose.

Later on, if a little flirtation should begin, you had better write to me again, telling me all about him. Love to Lady TATMER.

Believe me, Your loving MARJORIE.

A POPULAR PROFESSOR.

[Professor HENRY MORLEY, the great populariser of sound and cheap English Literature, died on May 14, in his 72nd year, at Carisbrooke.]

JOHN BULL is not sweet on the type of “Professor,”

But good HENRY MORLEY was happy possessor

Of JOHN BULL’S respect, JOHN BULL, Junior’s love.

He made Good Letters Cheap! ‘Tis a title above

Many Dryadust dignities told in strung letters.

Ah! many who felt Iron Fortune’s stern fetters

In days ante-Morleyish, look on the rows

Of cheap Classics, in musical verse and sound prose,

Which bear the well-known editorial “H. M.”

And sigh, “If my youth-time had only known them,

These threepenny treasures, and sixpenny glories,

These histories, treatises, poems, and stories,

Which cost in my time a small fortune, what thanks

And what joys would have swelled o’er their neat-rang’d ranks!”

Ah! studious boys must feel gratitude, surely.

To have lived in the times of the good HENRY MORLEY!

Mlle. DUSE played last Friday night at Windsor before Her Majesty the QUEEN. The talented Italian actress did her spiriting gaily in an hour and a half’s farce, instead of appearing in one of her longer pieces and in one of her finer characters. It was DUSE very much reduced for the occasion.

GOOD EXAMPLE OF BEING “BROUGHT UP BY HAND.”—A letter to me on the first floor by the servant.



SETTLED.

Gallant Young Butcher (to former flame). "HULLO, JENNY! WHERE ARE YOU LIVING NOW
Jenny (with proper pride). "WELL—I AIN'T LIVING NOWHERES. I'M MARRIED!"

LE CHEF-D'ŒUVRE DE VISTLAIRE.

Wednesday.—Fired by the enthusiasm of some English critics, resolve to run over to Paris to see the wonderful WHISTLER in the New Salon. Understand that it excels anything done by VELASQUEZ or TITIAN. As for such old-fashioned men as REYNOLDS or GAINSBOROUGH, they are simply forgotten. True art is so elevating. Therefore run over.

Thursday.—Delightful in Paris. Brilliant blue sky, glorious sunshine; animation, movement everywhere. Glorious sunshine a trifle hot. Can't possibly go to see the WHISTLER to-day in that great greenhouse on the Champ de Mars. Sit in the Avenue du Bois and look at all the pretty Parisiennes. By chance meet that charming little Comtesse, who is so gay and delightful. Shall do the New Salon to-morrow.

Friday.—Sky bluer. Sunshine brighter and warmer. Unfortunate. Did really want to see the *chef-d'œuvre* of modern times. Art is so ennobling! But on a day like this, and in a greenhouse! Stroll along the Avenue des Acacias and watch the pretty little *dames bicyclistes* in their knickerbockers. Meet the Comtesse again. WHISTLER must wait.

Saturday.—Sky if possible bluer. Sunshine decidedly warmer. Begin to get anxious about that Salon. Must do it somehow. But *ars longa* in a conservatory in this weather would make *vita* very *brevis* indeed. Can't do it. Take one of those comfortable little *flacres* and drive to the Bois, and have *déjeuner* in the open air with the Comtesse and some friends. Resolve firmly that, whatever the weather may be, will do the New Salon to-morrow.

Sunday.—Last day here. By Jove, it is warm! How delightful it will be to go out to St. Germain, or somewhere, and— Oh, hang it! There's that sublime WHISTLER. Must really see it. Give up trip to country air and, in frock coat and top hat, drive to New Salon. Roasted on the way. But at least in fresh air. Inside Salon, baked—without fresh air. Sun blazing on glass roof. Crowds

of bourgeois endimanchés. Pull myself together and, in the interests of immortal art, resolve to find that WHISTLER. These alphabetical catalogues maddening. Never know what room anything is in. Walk round gasping. That's a funny figure anyhow. No. 1186. Look it out. Hulloo! What? Stagger to a seat. "1186. *Noir et argent—portrait du comte Robert de Montesquiou-Fézensac.*"

O WHISTLER, what a masterpiece you've given to the universe. This portrait of the Comte ROBERT DE MONTESQUIOU-FÉZENBAC! No human being could describe, in any paltry, puny verse, That baggy suit. *En frac?* Not quite. Perhaps the painter says *en sac*!

Well! I'm—I'm—hanged! So he ought to be! So he is,—at least, hung. Which is more remarkable. Fly precipitately. Resolve to abandon immortal art, and henceforth to collect those contemptible mezzotints after the feeble portraits by that poor, foolish old gentleman, Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS. I shall be satisfied to take a back seat with him.

THE NEW WOMAN.

(A New Nursery Rhyme. For Child-men.)

["QUIDA" says "the New Woman" is an unmitigated bore. "SARAH GRAND" declares that Man, morally, "is in his infancy," and that "now Woman holds out a strong hand to the Child-man, and insists upon helping him up" by "spanking proper principles into him in the nursery."]

THERE is a New Woman, and what do you think?
 She lives upon nothing but Foolscap and Ink!
 But, though Foolscap and Ink form the whole of her diet,
 This nagging New Woman can never be quiet!

Mrs. R. says there is such a fuss made now about cyclists. She saw an hotel one day called "The Cyclists' Rest," and now she is told there is a flower called after them—the Cyclemen.



No. 1186.

LIQUEUR OF THE
C^{DE}. CHARTREUSE.

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